

JANUARY

NO. 20

10¢

CRACK COMICS

ABOVE THE CITY THE BLACK CONDOR CARRIES
THE SCREAMING HINDU.. RELEASE MEANS
UGLY, INSTANT
DEATH.....



THE CLOCK



SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL



ALIAS THE SPIDER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The

BLACK CONDOR

By Louis
K. Fine,

ACTING THE STRANGE DUAL ROLE OF A DEAD U.S. SENATOR AND ALSO HIS OWN WINGED PERSON, THE BLACK CONDOR'S DOUBLE IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIEND, DR. FOSTER. EVEN HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER, DOES NOT SUSPECT.

IN THE PERSON OF THE DEAD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR REACHES FROM A TAXI BEFORE THE WAR DEPARTMENT...

THEN, AS WENDY AND DR. FOSTER ALSO PEER AT THE HEADLINES...

PAPER, BOY!!

WAR OFFICE ROBBED?? AND SEVERAL CLERKS HAVE LATELY SUFFERED FROM LOSS OF MEMORY.

LOSS OF MEMORY? THAT'S STRANGE! DO YOU THINK SOME UNNATURAL FORCE IS...

HERALD GLOBE
WAR OFFICE VAULT
ROBBED OF DOCUMENTS
F.B.I. BAFLE

THE CAR IS HALTED IN TRAFFIC..



AS TOM AND WENDY TAKE IN A SHOW



INSIDE THE THEATER...





GOTTA GET THIS MUG OUTA THE WAY NOW...



THE SENATOR'S LIMP FORM IS PUSHED INTO A PACKING BOX...



SOON AFTER.....

ABOUT TIME... ISN'T IT, HARRY?

TWO MINUTES!

WHILE INSIDE A LARGE NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE... MANIKINS STAND MUTELY...



SUDDENLY THEY SPRING TO LIFE...



OKAY, BOYS!! WE GET THE WATCHMAN FIRST!

GUNS ARE DRAWN AND THERE IS MUFFLED ACTIVITY...



AH..THIS IS ONE WATCHMAN WHOSE WATCHING IS OVER FOR TONIGHT!



EASY, GRAN'PA! NOT A PEEP OUTA YOU OR....

S.. SAY....



AS SEVERAL OF THE MEN WORK
TO OPEN THE STORE'S VAULT...

WHAT A CINCH! I
COULD OPEN THIS WITH
ME EYES SHUT!

WELL...
DO IT!!



BEHIND THE STORE THE
SEDAN IS LOADED WITH FURS

AN' WE GOT
THEIR PAYROLL,
BOSS... OVER
TWO HUNDRED
GRAND!!

NICE
GOIN'?



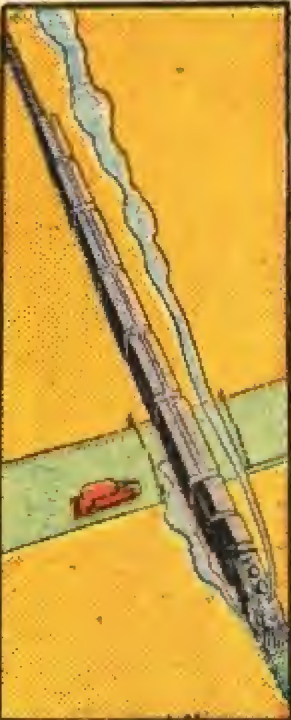
OKAY... ALL SET?
LET'S SCRAM!



WHILE ON A
FAST-MOVING
TRAIN...

THE STUNNED SENATOR
WRIGHT STIRS TO LIFE...

WOW! MY HEAD IS
LIKE A BALLOON... AND
THIS CRATE DOESN'T
HELP MY COMFORT!



GOT TO GET OUT
OF THIS WOODEN
KIMONA... SO...



THESE BABIES ARE NO
LONGER DEALING WITH TOM
WRIGHT.. BUT THE BLACK
CONDOR!



LIKE FLIMSY PAPER THE BOX
GIVES WAY AS THE FLYING-MAN
BURSTS FORTH..

THIS
"SHIPMENT"
WILL
BACKFIRE!



HMM.. WE'RE IN THE
SHOW BUSINESS.. MAYBE
I CAN BE ANOTHER ACTOR
IN THIS LITTLE DRAMA!



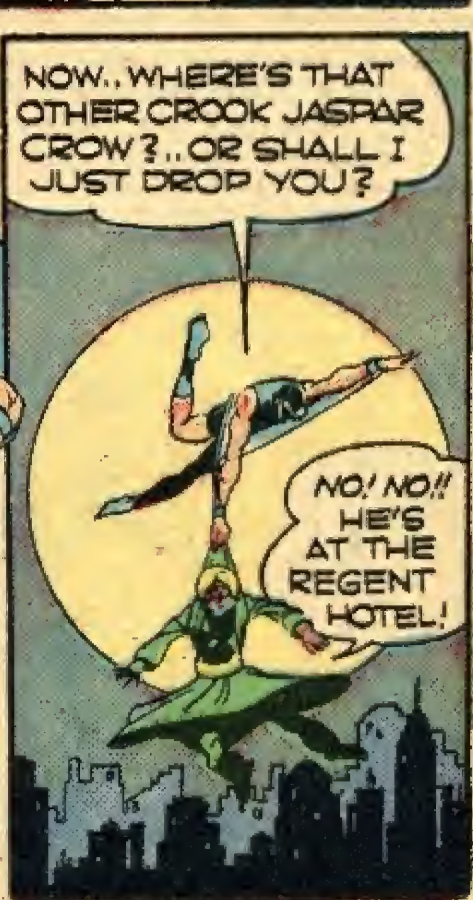
FREIGHT CAR DOORS ONLY
LOOK STRONG... BUT THIS
RAY PISTOL SOFTENS 'EM...

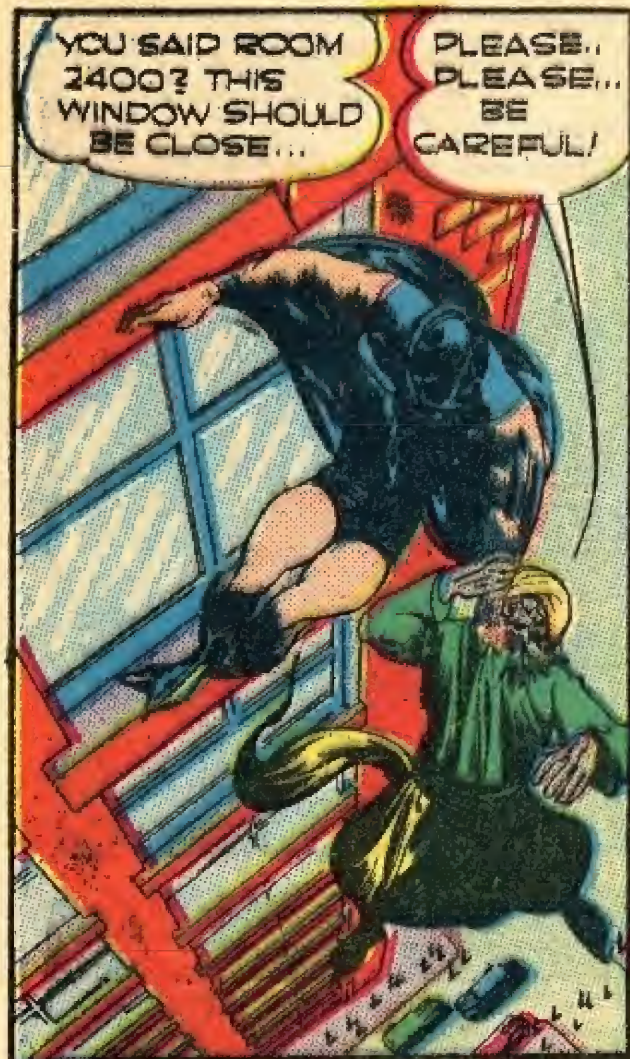




AS THE HINDU COMES TO THE CLOSING OF HIS ACT,...

FROM A HAT A SWARM OF PIGEONS ARE SENT WINGING OVER THE AUDIENCE... FLYING AMONG THEM IS THE BLACK CONDOR.....





THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HURRIES TOWARD CROW'S ROOM....



CROW'S CAB GRINDS TO A STOP
AT THE WATERFRONT...

HURRY, YOU GUYS! WE'VE
ONLY GOT A MATTER OF
MINUTES!



TOM WRIGHT ROARS TO A HALT...

THEY'RE GONE..BUT WHERE?
THE WHARF IS DESERTED...



HMM.. SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR-
BOAT... BUT NO BOAT IN SIGHT
IN THIS HARBOR...



THAT BIG SEWER OUTLET!!
THAT MIGHT TELL ME
SOMETHING!



AGAIN THE MILD SENATOR WRIGHT
BECOMES THE DREADED BLACK
CONDOR...

I SEEM TO SMELL TROUBLE
ALREADY...



AND FAR AHEAD IN THE SEWER
TUNNEL, CROW AND MYSTO ROAR
ALONG IN A MOTORBOAT...

ARE YOU SURE YOU
PUT THAT BANK GUARD
UNDER THE SPELL,
MYSTO...

THE
GREAT
MYSTO
NEVER
FAILS,
JASPAR!



INSIDE NEW YORK'S GREATEST BANK,
A UNIFORMED MAN USES A TORCH...



THIS GRILL WAS SOFTER THAN
I THOUGHT... BUT I GOTTA
GO EASY WITH THESE HERE
EXPLOSIVES!



A DISTANT BLAST ROCKS THE
TUNNELS...

AN EXPLOSION! AHEAD...
THINGS ARE GETTING WARM!



WHAT'S THIS?! WHY, I'M RIGHT UNDER THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT...



THEN, BLASTING UP THROUGH A MANHOLE COVER TO THE STREET COMES THE BLACK CONDOR

SORRY TO FRIGHTEN THE GOOD CITIZENS, BUT...



I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND BLAST THAT BANK ALARM WITH MY RAY PISTOL...



THE ALARM GOES OFF WITH A WILD, INSISTANT CLAMOR..



IT'S THE EXCHANGE BANK! IMAGINE MUGS NERVY ENOUGH T'THINK THEY CAN TAP THAT VAULT!



NOT HEARING THE ALARM, CROW AND HIS MEN LOAD MILLIONS IN GOLD INTO THEIR BOAT....



THAT'S ALL.. YOU GO GET OUR BANK GUARD, MYSTO...

QUICK, FELLOW... COME! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YOU POLICE STOP! I COMMAND YOU!



AND IN GROTESQUE RUNNING POSES THE POLICE FREEZE TO THE SPOT...



THE BOAT'S GONE... COME, GUARD... WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

AS CROW'S BOAT SPEEDS OUT FROM THE SEWER OPENING THE BLACK CONDOR IS PERCHED ABOVE..



SO! MYSTO ISN'T WITH THEM!

HA! THEY SEE THE POLICE THAT I HAD STATIONED THERE... WELL, THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!



VERY QUIET AROUND THIS FRONT OF THE BANK!!



AS THE BLACK CONDOR ENTERS HE SEES THE STATUE-LIKE POLICEMEN....



JUST AS I THOUGHT... MYSTO PUT 'EM TO SLEEP!.. AND STANDING UP!

SOON AFTER....

AH..THERE GOES MY PAL MYSTO.. HEADING FOR THAT PIER!



UP WE GO! FOR YOUR SECOND FLYING LESSON, MYSTO.. AND MAYBE YOUR LAST!!



SPARE ME! SPARE ME! I DID NOTHING!

HERE!! I'LL DROP YOU DOWN IN THAT WATER RIGHT BESIDE THOSE NICE POLICEMEN!!!



I'LL DROWN! I'LL DROWN!!

ONCE AGAIN AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SCANS NEWS HEADLINES...



READ ALL ABOUT IT!! MYSTO DROPS OUT OF SKY INTO HANDS OF POLICE! READ IT!!

SORRY ABOUT LEAVING YOU IN THE THEATER, WENDY... I WAS KIDNAPPED BY MYSTO AND CROW..

YES DEAR.. I READ OF MYSTO... HE HYPNOTIZED PEOPLE AND MADE CROOKED MANIKINS OF THEM.. BUT THE BLACK CONDOR FIXED HIM!



MADAM

FATAL

AND THE LEAGUE OF
HUNTED MEN

NOT EVEN TUBBY WHITE,
NEW-FOUND FRIEND OF
THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS
MADAM FATAL, KNOWS
THAT "SUE" IS A DISGUISE
FOR RICHARD STANTON,
FORMER ACTOR WHO
SECRETLY OPPOSES
THOSE OUTSIDE THE LAW...

IT IS EVENING AS RICHARD
STANTON BUYS A CIDER.....

SO
YOU'RE
TAKING
SCADDY
NELSON'S
PLACE, EH?

YEAH, MR
STANTON—
IT'S BEEN
A WEEK
SINCE HE
DISAPPEARED!

UHM...
CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT!

GREAT SCOTT!
ANOTHER
CRIME WAVE...





THEY'RT BUDG'DIN' BUT THE GOON
JOK' TOO GREAT ...



IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE
MADAM LATA! DISAPPEARS
INTO THE SHADOWS ...



WHAT TA-!!
TH' OLD LADY'S
GONE - LOOK
HIGH AND LOW,
GOYS - SHE
MIGHT TIP
OFF THE
COPPER!

LET'S
GET
GOING -
MOVE
SLOW
FAT BOY!



HA-HA! THEY'RE
LOOKIN' LOW
BUT NOT HIGH!

GET IN
THERE -
WE'LL TEND
TO YOU LATER!



TUBBY-

SCRAPPY!
"GOSH-TH'
WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD'S
BEEN LOOKIN'
FOR YA -
WHAT'S COOKIN'?

IT'S MY
STEP-UNCLE,
MYCROFT AND
HIS LEAGUE
OF HUNTED
MEN! THEY'RE
ALL ESCAPED
CONVICTS AND
THIS IS THEIR
HIDEOUT!!



BUT UNCLE
MYCROFT SAYS
AT TWELVE
TONIGHT HE'S
GONN TO LET
ME GO -
SO THERE'S
NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT -
SEE?

LET YA GO? THEN
WHY'S HE GOT YA
DOWN HERE? HE'S
UP TO SOMETHIN' -
I CAN FEEL IT!
WE'VE GOTTA BE
UP THERE AT
TWELVE AND SEE
WHAT IT IS -
BUT FIRST -
LISTEN -



WE GOT ORDERS TO
CROWD THESE TWO
AT THE SPIDERS
O' TWELVE.
WHAT TA! THEY'RE
GONE!!

IT
CAN'T BE -



UGH-!



I'LL
GET
TH-

AS THE THUG RUSHES AT SCRAPPY
A HUGE ROOM LEAPS AT HIM...



THE TWO BOYS LEAP FOR THE FIGHT
THUG...



MEANWHILE, MADAM FATAL
MAKES A DESPERATE
ATTEMPT TO ENTER DOOR
RANDON...



WAW! BETTER
NOT LOOK
DOWN...
HEAD VOICES
IN THERE!

IT'S ALMOST
TWELVE
CRAWLER
SMELL-
I'VE
ALREADY
TOLD YOU
SCRAPPY
NELSON'S
DISAPPEARED
AND HADN'T BEEN
HEARD FROM!



I GUESS YOU WERE
RIGHT, MR. LEECH
AS THE NEAREST
RELATIVE TO THE
LATE OWNED OF DOOM
RANDON, I'M GOING
TO TURN OVER HIS
FORTUNE AND
ESTATE TO YOU
AT EXACTLY
TWELVE.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE
FROM THE OPEN BALCONY...

HE'S LYING-SCRAPPY
NELSON IS IN
THIS ROOM--
NOW --

WHAT
TH-! AN
OLD
LADY...



BLAST YA
ALL- HEY
BOYS!!

HERE I
AM--

SCRAPPY--

AT LEECH'S CALL, HARDENED
THUGS POUR INTO THE ROOM...



WE'LL GET
RID O' THEM
BOYS!

GRAB TH
OLD LADY--

MADAM FATAL GOES INTO ACTION...



A THUG BOES FOR HIS GUN...



AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE THE BATTLE GOES ON!



A CRASHING BLOW KNOCKS OUT THE LAST THUG...



MYCROFT LEECH KNOWS HIS GAME IS UP...



WITH A FLYING LEAP LEECH DIVES FROM THE BALCONY...



HE'S DISAPPEARED... WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM—IN THE MEANTIME WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AND TELL THEM THE LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND!



BELOW, A FIGURE DROPS FROM THE TREE AND SLIPS AWAY...



AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH YOUR NEW FORTUNE, SCRAPPY?

I'M GOING TO JOIN UP WITH YOU TWO AND HELP FIGHT CRIME, MADAM FEAR!—THAT'S IF YOU'LL LET ME—HEH?

